

COLLEGE CHEER

"WE KNOCK TO BOOST."

VOL. XI. ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1918. NO. 3.

PEP AND SPORTSMANSHIP.

Basketball began in earnest when St. Joe met the St. X. Reps, Sunday afternoon, December 1st. The game was fast and snappy throughout and for the first half of the game, victory hung in the balance. Both defensively and offensively either team could scarcely claim superiority. Toward the last few minutes of the first half the charging of Ryan rather turned the game into football. From this on it became a sort of free for all until in the last three minutes St. X. attained a speedy offence which was too much for their somewhat unorganized opponents.

What is very badly needed is someone to watch the fouls, and get them all, especially personal fouls, for this will be the quickest way to stop football on the basketball floor and will give real play. Sunday's game was a poor excuse of sportsmanship, and we might say right here that the spectators were little better, both in their actions and words. While the team is winning everyone is a hero, but just as soon as a few points are scored against them, they trample on the players, just like a pack of wolves when they attack one of their fallen number.

The score:—St. X. 26; St. Joe 14.

St. Xavier.		St. Joe.
Schon, Wengler	R.G.	Vonderhaar
Potkoetter	L.G.	Cox
Foehrenbacher	C.	Wellman
Ryan	R.F.	Striff
Krause	L.F.	Oppenheim
		Subs. Smith, Reed

The Heroes.

THE saddest thought of the war is, that those who gave up their lives could not live to see and share the fruits of peace. How sad to die during those hours when probably the war seemed dark to them, fearing that their death might be given in vain. Six months before victory, the most decisive victory the world has ever seen, we with plausible reasons boasted that our armies could not be beaten. Yet at that very moment many a soldier saw the darkest hour of his life and was struck by the bullet that severed soul from body, to substantiate our boasting. These were men of noble heart and great faith. They knew that their cause was right and that it would conquer even if it took one or ten years, if it took one war or ten wars.

Victory has come, but not until the peace terms are established will we be able to determine whether or not it is such a victory as that for which we

have been fighting. We fought to banish Prussianism and militarism from the world. We fought not only to banish it from the world, but also to safeguard the world against it, which means to safeguard it against war. Unless the latter point is established, unless a league of nations is formed the ideals for which we have fought will not be realized. Another war will sooner or later follow automatically. This ideal was expressed long before this crisis, but it could not avoid the oncoming slaughter. A monument of this ideal, the Peace Palace was erected before this war, which was made light of and laughed at by many papers and magazines of no mean repute, as the mere ostentations of a rich man. This monument was yet young in years when we were forced to fight the world's greatest battles to realize the ideals it represents.

The league of nations to prevent future wars is the greatest question to be discussed by the allies at the peace parley. Perhaps not many realize that the days spent at this parley will bring greater responsibility upon our president than did the day when war was declared. This is beyond doubt a turning point in the world's history. We are beginning an entirely new era. The change taking place now is a greater one than was that which divided the medieval times from the modern. The leading principles that will mold the new era are those that will spring forth from the treaty of peace. If the principles of true democracy are established the change in epoch will be of short duration. If not, another war will sooner or later ensue.

"HULLOW!"

When big vessels meet, they say,
They saloot an' sail away.
Jest the same as you an' me —
Lonesome ships upon the sea.
Each one sailin' his own jog
For a port beyond the fog.
Let your speakin' trumpet blow,
Lift your horn and cry: "Hullo;"
Say, "Hullo!" an' "How dy'e do?"
Other folks are good as you.
W'en you leave your house of clay,
An' are wanderin' in the far away;
W'en you travel through the strange
Country other side the range,
Then the souls you've cheered will know
Who you be, an' say "Hullo;"

B.



Interhall B. B. Game.

St. Xavier's team found St. Joe totally unprepared in the first interhall mix-up.

Although we missed our regular, exciting, interesting and peppery football game on Thanksgiving day, nevertheless, the interhall clash of the evening before partly made up for it. It was our first basket-ball game of the season. St. Xavier's representatives succeeded in winning the game, but St. Joe stuck to them like flypaper. They did as good as could be expected considering the small amount of practice they have had. It must also be held in mind that St. X. had men on the floor playing our Juniors, of course, there were two exceptions. Both teams thought they were still on the gridiron where kick, push, and slaughter win the game. This kind of stuff is needed for football, but in basketball we want agility, team work, and active brains. The referee, by the way, deserves credit for his conscientious manipulation of this first 'tug of war'. They couldn't work him—he doesn't smoke.

It might seem premature to pick out the 'bright lights' after the very first game, because quite often 'Lucks' are deceiving. Cox's lone basket for St. Joe made the situation interesting to at least half of the rooters for a few minutes, but he lost his horse shoe while shooting his basket. With a little more practice St. Joe need fear no one.

Score:—St. X. 18; St. Joe 7.

Field baskets:—Lucks 4, Sheehan 2, Wangler 1, Dirksen 1, Cox 1.

Free shots:—St. X. 7; St. Joe 13.

Umpire:— Striff.

Wilfred Smith has been appointed Junior Basketball Manager for the coming season. He is full of pep and a willing worker. Give him what is in you and you will have a successful season. Good luck, Smithy.

COLLEGE SPIRIT.

Past history has clearly shown that to achieve national greatness a nation must have something more than a marked quality or quantity of physical or intellectual merit. There is a certain something, patriotism, which impels a people to great deeds; a condition, morale, which gives power to an army and fear to its enemies; and a necessary energizing 'breath', college spirit, which gives zest to students and success to their endeavors.

This 'college spirit' has a strong cohesive quality, easy of recognition from its effect, but difficult of explanation as to its workings. It is neither physical nor intellectual, nor is it hardly moral; but we believe that it springs from and derives

its own nature from the sum total of these three entities.

We know for certain, however, that the 'spirit' is vital. Without it, duties become a bore, social duties are changed to labors, and athletics — well, ask the managers.

Cause and effect are not clearly discernible. Does this spirit bring success, or does continual success breathe the spirit? We must say, 'both'. 'College spirit' is the sun which gives light and cheer to the school work, as well as to athletics, but sickness or any other break in the regular routine brings cloudy weather, and the sun is darkened. But the hopes of a better future, and the cooperation of the entire student-body will raise the temperature of the 'spirit' and drive the clouds away from St. Joe.

The watchword of the season is 'Stick together'. Our leaders are able and determined. We can make the remaining part of the athletic season a successful one by our cooperation. The degree of enthusiasm with which we enter the field of sports is the measure of the success which will attend our endeavors in the more serious affairs of study. B.

Boys, take a look at the Swell new line of caps just received.

Duvall's Quality Shop.

A FISH STORY.

By H. J. Pinebrook.

Probably you have heard or at least read about the bold robbery that was committed a few weeks ago in Chicago. The scene was a Twelfth Street department store, the time Saturday afternoon, and the objective of the thieves was the pay-envelopes that were to be handed to the employees that evening. A forceful command of "hands up", a reluctant but quick compliance with same, the obtaining of the desired goods, the escape in a machine, and all is over.

Well, that same night the firm of five members who had pulled off this neat little job met, declared a handsome dividend, for numerous reasons dissolved partnership, and decided that each should act as an individual, at least for the time being, in smaller places of different states till the agitation of the city police force should have somewhat subsided.

It fell to the lot of Sam Small, ex-secretary of the defunct firm, to operate under an alias in the northwestern part of the Hoosier State. That is the reason why we meet him next in Circleville, Indiana. Likely you will object: I have never heard of such a place in that state. Be that as it may; every state has its Circleville, and the one I am writing about is in Indiana, at least till this story is finished.

Circleville? What a misnomer! Nothing in the little burgh is suggestive of the name. It consists of one street about one half mile in length with houses on both sides. In larger towns you would find an alley in the rear of these houses, but in Circleville people are more practical. They sow oats, plant corn and potatoes beyond the fence that marks the end of their lot. Something, however, may have suggested the name. As far as

(Continued on page 4.)

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ADDRESS

EDITOR COLLEGE CHEER,
COLLEGEVILLE, INDIANA.

Wednesday, December 4, 1918.

EDITORIALS.

WE all like to keep warm and cozy, and on a cold day remain inside, but we are provided with our own heating system and if we are not warm enough there is something wrong. Who said Flu. Moral if your heating system goes bad "Do not hug the radiators for they are only iron."

IT is related of the late Dominican, Fr. McKenna, O. P., that when one of his priests was to give his first sermon, the latter entered the pulpit carrying himself majestically and with a certain amount of pride. But when he was to begin speaking he could not remember even the first word. So all he could do was to come down, humiliated.

Fr. McKenna met him with the remark, "Had you gone up as you came down, you would have come down as you went up."

HAPPINESS.

In search of happiness went man
Into the broad wild earth;
He sought upon the mountain top
Upon the desert earth.
He went upon the ocean broad,
Down to the South Sea Isles:

The North Pole thence, and then the South,
In search of Fortune's smiles.
He sought his solace e'en in war,
He sought it with his sword,
But ne'er did he attain his end
Until he got his Ford.

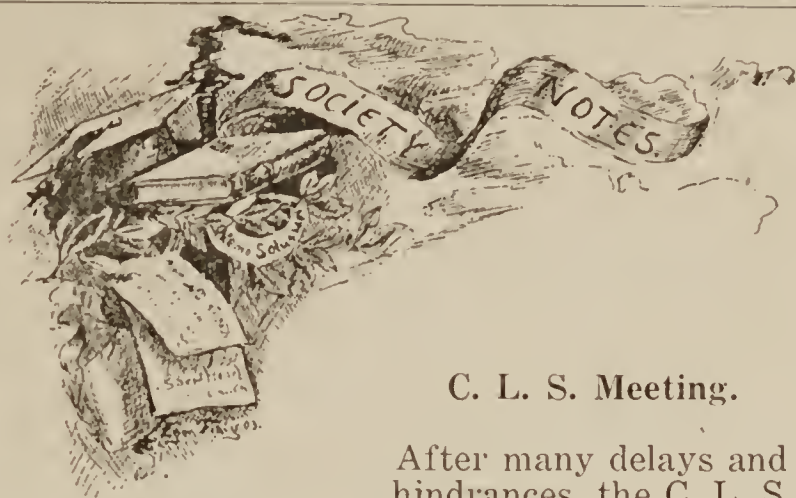
DECEMBER 1918.

The war times and hard times of "one nine one eight"
Have come to the end of their string;
But good old December with ponderous freight,
Is determined to have a last fling.

So he sets us at work to equip Santa Claus
With the things that he needs for good cheer,
And mutters complaints of the Commonwealth's laws,
Which much too restrictive appear.

But when, towards the end of his strenuous course,
Merry Christmas gives pause to his toil,
He hastens to celebrate, shouts himself hoarse,
And forgets all the tumult and moil.

I. P.



C. L. S. Meeting.

After many delays and hindrances, the C. L. S. held its second meeting for this term on Sunday, December 1st. The C. L. S. has been set back very much in its work this year because of the epidemic, so that all programs have been transferred to later dates. The program for Columbus Day, when the new president of the society was to have taken office, was postponed to date of December 15th; the Thanksgiving program to date of December 8th, and the private program for December 17th to date of January 19th.

A Victim of the Seal.

On Sunday evening, December 8th, the Columbian Literary Society will entertain us with a star cast in "A Victim of the Seal." Rehearsals have been going on since the first of November and we can be sure that a treat is in store for us.

CAST.

Rev. Albert Remillard, Pastor of St. Victoire—	Jos. Raible
Mr. Remillard, the Priest's father.....	Jos. Hiller
James Regan, his servant	Jos. Pickard
Eugene Losere, the sacristan	Jos. Feldkamp
Mr. Blanchard, founder of the hospital.....	John Mutter
Pierre Blanchard, his son	Jos. Duenser
Mayor of St. Victoire	Aloys Dirksen
Doctor Roy	Alfred Meyers
Landlord of the "Golden Rose".....	Anthony Boeff
Mr. Blanchard's servant	John Schohn
Harry	soldiers
Jack.....	Isidore Stadther
Rev. Pere La Rochelle, Rector of the seminary—	Urban Rauh
Judge	Aloys Klupney
Public Prosecutor	Rufus Esser
Mr. Nivelles, Counsel for Defense	Aloys Kraus
Court Clerk	Seraphim Oberhauser
Mr. Pelletiere, Warden	Francis Weiss
Jailer	Louis Pottkotter
Master Nadeau	Godfrey Knoth

Act 1—Priest's Study at St. Victoire.

Act 2—Room at the "Golden Rose".

Act 3—Same as first (night).

Act 4—Court Room.

Act 5—Prison at Marseilles.

Stars and Stripes	Sousa
Gavotte in D	Gossec
Ursula Intermezzo	Hasel
Evening Star (selection from Tannhauser)	Wagner
Fireflies	P. Linke
Lion de Ball	Gillet
Finale	America
	H. Carey

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A Fish Story.

(Continued from page two.)

commercial and industrial progress is concerned, the inhabitants have ever gone around in a circle; they made neither headway nor turned back.

After all, the citizens of Circleville were proud of their little town and shook hands with themselves on the good fortune of possessing a hotel, a post office, a high school, a nice church, a Citizens' Bank, and last, but not least, a department store.

Frank Hendrickson, the most enterprising man in town, was the proprietor of this last named emporium. It consisted in one large room stocked with dry goods, gent's furnishings, groceries, school supplies, etc. In fact what Frank did not have was not worth having.

Circleville is situated on a good railroad, too. Almost every hour the blast of the whistle would announce a coming train, and a few seconds afterwards another blast informed the inhabitants that a passenger train had passed "through." The Local Accommodation, however, stopped in the morning at 9:15 and again in the afternoon at 4:00 on its way back.

On April 5th this train stopped with a groan at Circleville, and from the only coach emerged a middle aged, cleanly shaven, squarely built man. With one sweep of his sharp eyes he took in the whole place, and a smile of satisfaction spread over his features. There was no yellow, green, or blue bus at the station, the hotel could not afford such a luxury; therefore the stranger asked the station agent where that pretentious place might be. Forthwith he betook himself there with his belongings. He registered under the name of Andrew Milford, ordered his dinner in advance, looked over some papers that had come on the same train, and then received information from the landlord as to the respective business centers.

"You see, this will be my first experience as salesman in this town," was the excuse for his ignorance, and with this remark he stepped into the street.

Maybe you have seen for yourself how patiently a man will sit for hours at a stream with his fishing pole whilst catching absolutely nothing. Finally he will persuade himself that there are no fish in the river. This man only lacked experience. The experienced fisherman can tell you which is a good day for fishing and from which direction the wind should blow; he knows whether to use a fly-hook

or a spoon, "but the main thing," he will tell you, "is the bait."

Mr. Milford was a good fisherman, a king among them. Although he mainly angled for "suckers", he certainly could land them, and his exterior appearance was the main bait. Hence, he emerged from the hotel in his best suit, dressed "fit to kill" as the inhabitants of Circleville used to say of the preacher's son when he returned from college to spend the summer vacation with his parents.

To the "department store" of Mr. Hendrickson the stranger turned his steps because he correctly calculated that at such an important place he would get best acquainted with the "lay" of his chosen fishing hole.

After the mutual introductions and some common-place remarks about the freak climate of Indiana the talk drifted to the foremost topic of the day, the war. But before any sweeping statements could be ventured by either party, the entrance of a third gentleman broke up the discussion.

"Good morning, Mr. Hendrickson!"

"Good morning, Dr. Lyden, what good star brings you to my store again, after you swore you would come no more?"

"Well, it is almost a case of 'have to'. You know of the horrible storm we had last night. I was out to see a patient of mine living about eight miles from here. On my return I had a mishap with the machine, landed in the ditch, but luckily was not hurt; just a few scratches. But my suit; I am ashamed to show myself in it. Now I came to look over your stock, although I am almost convinced that you have nothing that will fit to suit me. A plague upon this country towns where for good money you can never get what you want."

"There you go again, Doc, knocking our fine little town. I can't see any sense in it. If I were you and had the money you have, I would blow out of a place I did not like and go back to the big city where I came from. The people that live here are very well satisfied with our town."

"Correct! And if it depended on myself alone, I would not stay in this hole another day. But specialists advised me to take my wife into the country on account of her delicate health, and since a place was open here just at the time, I came here, not surmising the primitive conditions existing here. Mind you well, as soon as her health will permit it, I shall shake this country dust from my feet. Now let me see what you have.

"At your service! Just got my spring stock unpacked. Making out this order I thought of you and ordered three suits of your style with the understanding that the firm take them back if I could not sell them, because I know I cannot get rid of them, except you take one. It's the best; finest goods; all wool; latest style; \$20.00 only."

The doctor looked them over; no, just glanced at them, and broke out into a derisive laugh.

"Say, did you actually think that I would be foolish enough to buy one of those suits and make a laughing stock of myself if I should ever make a visit to the city? Tell your firm that they should use the goods for coffee sacks; and as for the style, it is about seventy years old. I want the newest and the best, and since I cannot get it here, I will have to order from the city. Sell those suits to a country rube and he will be tickled to death over them. Just the thing for walking behind the plow. Good day!"

(To be continued.)

We have the swellest line of neckwear in our city. 50c to \$1.50.

Duvall's Quality Shop.

AN INCIDENT.

I now will tell a tale of woe,
The scene took place a year ago.
The day was bright, the sky was clear,
Remembering it brings little cheer.

Indeed, I was a very fool,
To try to tickle Tony's mule;
A quarrel arose, a small affair;
When instantaneous thru the air

I shot like arrow in its flight;
And failed to stop till late at night.
When my poor wits could comprehend,
To mother earth did I descend.

The injured spot was black and blue.
The truth in whole I tell to you —
The next two weeks I did not sit,
Because, you see — I was — unfit.

Avoid the heels of Jack, the mule,
His shoes are hard, his punch is cruel;
His ears, if e'er they twitch, Oh! run!
Or else you'll land in kingdom come.

And run with all the speed of light,
Unless you'd rather have a fight.
Advice lies in this tale of woe —
No mercy will a jackass show.

A stubborn mule will havoc make
If you but try his tail to shake,
His creed is this, that might is right,
The weak must either fly or fight.

Act I, Scene II, the noble lord
Was due to come upon the stage,
Bejilted at his suit and then,
To shed his hat and wildly rage.
He lost his suit, but then, alas!
He had no Kelly on his head,
So he reached up a ruffled hand
And rudely doffed his wig instead.

A RHYME OF THE CITIES.

Said little Miller to the Owl:

"I've heard you're wondrous wise,
And so I'd like to question you;
now, please, don't tell me lies.

"The first thing, then, I'd have you tell,
My empty mind to fill,
Pray, was it that explosive beef
That made Chicago ill.?"

"I've heard it said, yet do not know —
In fact, it may be bosh —
Then, tell me, is it lots of dirt
That makes Seattle Wash.?"

"When certain things will not go straight,
To right them we should try;
So, maybe, you can say what 'tis
Sets Providence R. I.?"

"Another thing I wish I could
Inform my waiting class,
Is just how many lumps it takes
To make the Boston Mass.?"

"This is the time of running debts,
As you must surely know;
This secret, then, impart to me:
How much does Cleveland O.?"

"In ages, too, you must be learned,
More so than many men;
So, tell me in a whisper, please,
When was Miss Nashville Tenn.?"

The owl he scratched his feathered pate:
"I'm sorry, little man;
Ask someone else, I cannot tell.
Perhaps Topeka Kan."

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Iron clad silk hose 65c a pair.

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THE G. E. MURRAY CO.

Special Young Men's Suits

Everything up-to-date in Young Men's Wear.

Look at the fine line of knit & Polo caps we have. They are great.

Duvall's Quality Shop.

Many years ago there lived a man by the name of Ami Keeler. Ami was clearing a bit of woodland one day when a hunter happened to let fly a bullet in his direction. The missile grazed Ami's head, and he fell to the ground and lay there dazed. His first words on recovering were:

"Am I dead or am I not? Am I alive or am I shot? Am I Ami or am I not? And if I am not Ami, who am I?"

IF I KNOCK THE "R" OUT.

Would that I were born in Greece,
It would much better be;
For if I knock the "R" out of Virgil,
It does spell v-i-g-i-l to me,
But v-i-g-i-l with an "R" you see,
Would still mean Virgil, yes Virgil for me.

Too bad I was not born in Rome,
For all would better be;
For if I knock the "R" out of Homer,
It would mean h-o-m-e for me,
But h-o-m-e with an "R" you see,
Would still be Homer, yes Homer for me.

Hence Homer and Virgil with an "R" I will
leave,

For it, naught better will be;
Homer is hard and Virgil the same,
Speak not of home or vigil to me,
For home and vigil always will be,
One Homer, one Virgil, one study for me.

S. A. B.

DR. A. R. KRESSLER.

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THINGS SEEN IN COLLEGEVILLE.

A senior wearing a Flu mask.

Four collegers diagnosing the characteristics of a gentleman. Can those not acquainted with a subject speak of it? Hence, can a rational animal expostulate on so serious a subject as "Who can be considered a gentleman" if they cannot prove themselves of this certain class of men? Of course there are exceptions to all arguments.

Some disconsolates trying to surprise the flu bug by pouncing on him with a flash light. There are a good many diligent searchers else why the general flashes of light among the cedars after study.

We have all others in our city bucked off the board when it comes to suits, overcoats, hats, neckwear, unions and everything for the men and boys to wear. Come in and we will show you.

Duvall's Quality Shop.

"Looky yere, mammy," said Pickaninny Jim, "at de knotholes in dis yere piece of wood. What does you 'speck dem is fur?"

"Why, honey," answered Aunt Elvira Ann, "dem's de buttonholes what de branches is fastened on the trees." — (Washington Star.)

Munsing unions do certainly fit swell and the quality is fine. \$2.00 to \$5.00.

Duvall's Quality Shop.

AN INDIANA PUMPKIN.

Rand and rumbled mules and boxcart
Passed the spot where our boys sat;
And they pulled and held a pumpkin
Fairer than this state e'er had.

At the laughter of the fellows
(When she suddenly popped up)
She, well pleased, smiled down upon us
With her rows of horseteeth out.

Kept on smiling, Oh! so happily,
Back on us; and waved her hand
Till the mules and wagon sprightly
Turned the corner one mile off.

Then the boys sang: "Indiana
Pumpkin plump and round and rare!
Of your horseteeth and their beauty
We'll be always well aware."

A man living in Maria Stein was astonished to receive the following letter from his son in Collegeville:

Dear Father:—

I am in a deuce of a hole. Kindly send me \$50, and greatly oblige,

Your loving son,
Oscar."

P. S. After writing this letter I was so stricken with remorse that I ran after the postman and tried to get it back again, but in vain.

The father replied:

"Dear Son:—

Your prayers are answered. The letter did not reach me."

See our line of Stetson Hats in all the latest colors and Blocks.—\$5.00.

Duvall's Quality Shop.

A Chicagoan who employs a Swedish maid overheard the following conversation the other day between her cook and the maid next door, also a Swede:

"How are you, Hilda?"

"I, well. I like my yob. We got cremated cellar, cemetery plumbing, elastic lights—and a hoosit."

"What's a 'hoosit', Hilda?"

"Oh, a bell rings. You put a thing to your ear and say, 'Hello', and someone says, 'Hello', and you say, 'hoosit'."

Filliard Says

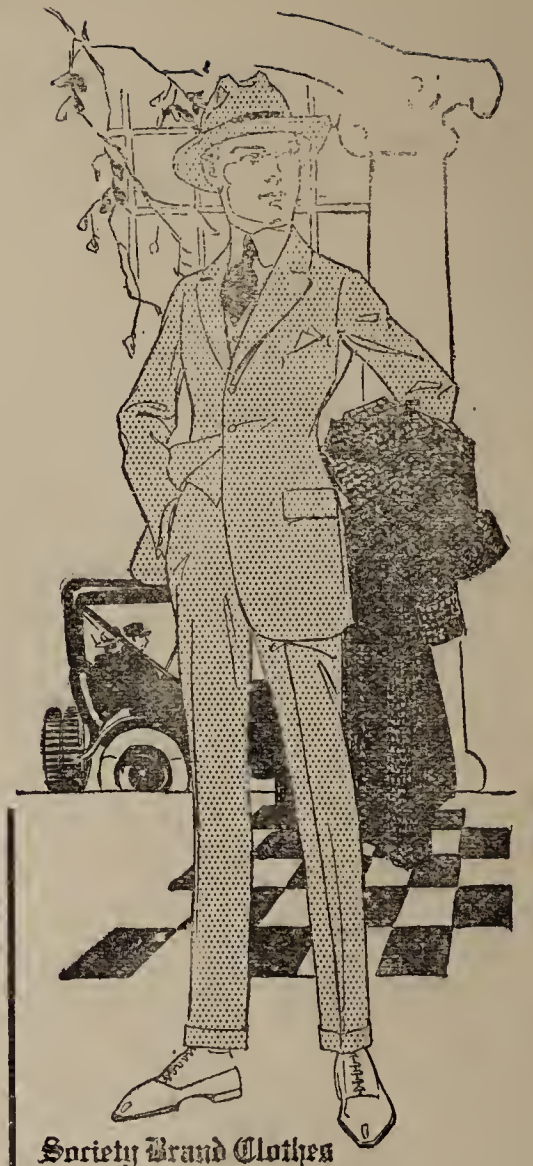
There is one thing he admires
about the St. Joe bunch viz;

They are Gentlemen always, all
the time.

Last Free Day there must have
been fully 35 students in the store all at the
same time, and yet there was no more com-
motion or noise than had there been only
several.

I'm for a bunch like that all the
time.

S. P. Filliard



Society Brand Clothes

In Memoriam.

The student-body was grieved to hear of the death of their friend and fellow student, Jerome Parker. His death occurred at ten-thirty Sunday night, Nov. 24, in Dwenger Hall. Jerome was a student here in the past and a member of the Class of '19. On Monday morning, Nov. 25, a Solemn Requiem High Mass was said by the Rev. Rector assisted by Frs. Linneman, Koenn, and Kuhn-muench.

The Holy Name Society of which Jerome was an active member, contributed fifteen masses for the repose of his soul.

May his soul through the mercy of God rest in peace.

PRINCESS THEATRE

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